


Happy Endings

comics



fifty cents

FEATURING: GOD NOSE • YORLIK • KILROY
HUSTLING JOE • THE  BEINGS • ETC!!

?!



The Adventures of GOD NOSE AND HIS GEESE HERDING BUDDY,

Hustling Joe



meanwhile, on the anthill below..



Meanwhile, in the clouds above..







ITCHY-KITCHY
YING YANG

MACHINERY?
MACHINERY?

Mixed Emotions
COMIX
CALCULATED TO
DRIVE YOU APE
SHIT

ALL
AMERICAN
MUTUAL
DEATH

HO
HO HA
NA HA HO
HE HE NA

WELL I'LL
BE A SILLY
SUM BITCH!

MEANING

STRAIGHT
FROM
the
HORSE'S
MOUTH

WHAT I'M ABOUT
TO SAY, FOLKS, IT
DON'T COME EASY.

Accident
LIFE

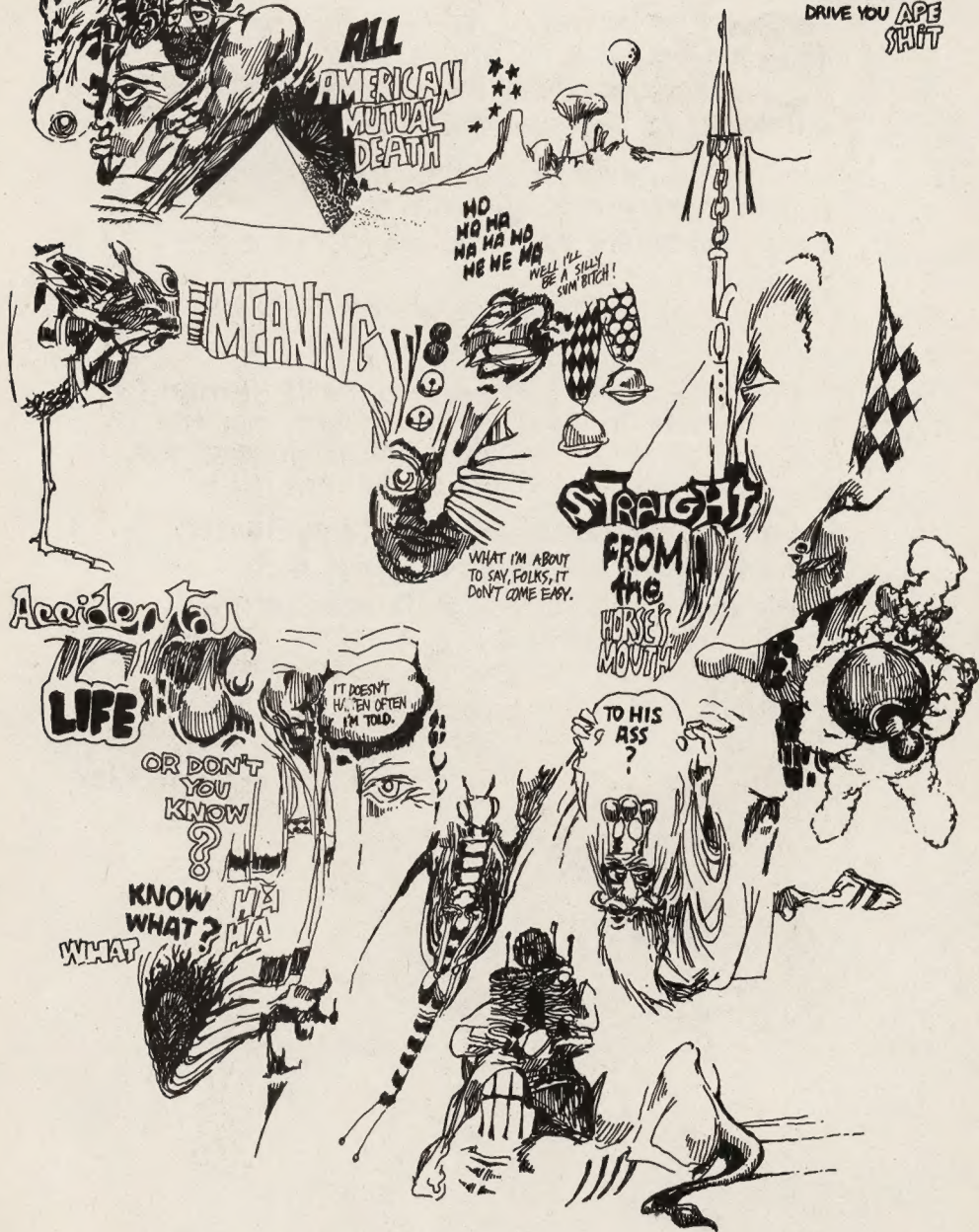
OR DON'T
YOU
KNOW
?

KNOW
WHAT? HA
HA

WHAT

IT DOESN'T
HAPPEN OFTEN
I'M TOLD.

TO HIS
ASS
?



O cruel deceiver, you would have me believe
that this minute perish, but I see it again + again.
You would have me fill my life with clutter
rather than embrace my old friend, Time.
Very well, let us freeze it — but know before
that the morning will bring a thaw
and the anticipation of the coming dawn
will numb our senses throughout the night.

Who will play with our indestructible superball
as it bounces aimlessly in eternity?

Are you not afraid that those who passed before
will steal it?

Can you imagine that those who are to follow
will want it?

From all sides the worried informants demand
proof. I have none. Only the thought that the
marvel of our expressways might not impress one
who spent childhood hours by an anthill.

And now the time has come, O mighty Builder,
to tell us of the sad fate of anthill #9.

In the end, I will produce a trained sparrow
who will relate with choking gasps its sorrow
at the passing of the good-old-by-gone days
of anthill #9.

poem for the
pharaoh's organgrinder



The Moving Trauma of Yorlik & Kilroy



The Friendly
Gatekeeper
'68

In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth. So man said "tell us another one." And God said "In the beginning, I created the Heaven and the Earth." Man decided that the 'Old Man's' mind was slipping, so he made himself a new God more to his liking and called it Man. And because man always was handy with names, he named his creation every chance he got - early man, late man, rational man, romantic man, goodman, badman, weak man, strong man, thinking man, plastic man, minuteman, etc. etc.

In no time at all man couldn't remember all the things he had become, so he had to write it down. Man wrote and said "I was here" - except he now had a name, so he wrote "Kilroy was here" and died. 'Kilroy was the perfect husband' wrote woman. 'He was indeed a friend of man' inscribed congressman. 'Kilroy had the best liver I've ever seen' wrote medicine man. 'Poor Kilroy - now you see him, now you don't' wrote hocus.pocus man. This went on and on until one day a man who had never met Kilroy personally, who lived on the other side of the mountain, saw all the scribbly mess that Kilroy's gang had made on that nice rock, so he wrote "I think Kilroy is a crock of shit," signed Yorlik. Now this was just as fitting a tribute as the others because they buried men in crocks in those days and decaying flesh smells like shit. Anyway, Kilroy's gang got pissed at what Yorlik wrote, therefore at Yorlik, therefore at Yorlik's gang on the other side of the mountain, therefore at the mountain's far side, therefore at the mountain's near side - which was their side - therefore at themselves.

So they hurt each other together and called it war, because it was raw spelled backwards, or something like that. Anyway, the reason was soon forgotten because war provided a reason to write other things down. And man wrote and wrote and wrote, and the Earth and everything on it bore the scars of his gifted skill. This gave man a certain feeling of accomplishment. After awhile tho, fighting the same things - as men came to be called - got to be monotonous, so he thought awhile and named it 'insight'.

This new concept kept man occupied for awhile, but he soon got strung out behind his 'insight' because it wasn't in sight anywhere - in fact, it was out of sight, so man thought 'It's not real.' Furthermore, all he had to show for his effort was a dizzy feeling in his head, and it was too abstract to be named anything.

Thus, man changed his thoughts into things that could be seen and named them 'toys'. Sure enough, he got that certain feeling of accomplishment, and a toy to prove it in case he forgot. But before man could turn around, much less write it down, he had more names than there were toys. Names like 'electric blanket', 'stereo', 'refrigerator', 'lawn mower', 'two cars in every garage' - in fact, the list ran out of sight and man got that dizzy feeling again, which he still couldn't name.

Meanwhile, 'practical man', who wasn't bothered much by feelings anyway, had found that some of the toys could be used for different games - like the 'bow and arrow'. Also, that the men who played with these toys in certain ways got special names - 'rulers' - because it took so much work to figure this all out. To make it a 'fair deal' the rulers gave the men who didn't play their game so well a name too - 'slaves'.

This worked so well that the men playing rulers decided that if they taught the slaves how to 'work' the toys, they could sit on their fat asses and soak up the booze. This also worked fine, but then the slaves got a taste of that mint julip and decided the rules should be 're-defined' - and everybody knows what that means. Of course the rulers at the time, being too fat for anything else anyway, concluded that a change of names was okay by the rules, which unfortunately had been destroyed by a fire the night before. So man wrote it down again and named it 'his story', or the ups and downs of the human race.

It seems that man raced and raced and raced, but as soon as he got out in front, he up and died - just like poor Kilroy. 'Never fear, it all makes sense' man wrote, and it made him feel so good that he named it 'religion' and for the first time, he could think about how unreal it was and not get dizzy. Not only that, but man soon found that other men - called 'sheep' - would pay him to repeat his insight with a pretty toy named 'money.'

Now this toy called money was no small thing. In fact, practical man, who had missed the connection altogether, soon thought money and religion were the same thing. One thing was for sure: both of them sparkled and gleamed and seemed to be more than they really were. But man just blew his mind, saying "Wow, I'll trade you one of this here gold for one of that there diamond!" And man replied, "Man you must be out of your head. This here diamond is prettier - uh, worth more - than three of them there golds! And if you don't think so, jes watch it shine.."

So man rapped and rapped and the toys razzled and dazzled, but they couldn't work it out and save face because someone kept popping in, asking what time it was. That just about did their heads in. Finally they decided that the only way to agree was to make it ugly so nobody would want it and to hide it away just in case they did.

Man's wealth came to be measured by paper placed behind locked doors. They saw that it was a substitute but tried to keep it quiet. 'Either you got it or you don't' went the saying, but it was against the concept 'law' for man to make it himself. It didn't take the 'have nots' long to see through the paper scheme. They laughed at the 'haves'. "We already got what we need - sock it to me baby - and besides, your paper toy is downright ugly. Wipe your fat ass with it." So the men who had locked the thingapurties away thought up some more toys to show the 'have nots' how the law game was played. One toy was named 'jail' and the 'have nots' saw just what money was all about. They got to go to jail whether they wanted to or not, but to make it a fair deal, they were given a new name - 'convicts.'

When man got out of jail he knew why that dude kept popping in, asking what time it was way back there in the counting room. He also knew that the paper money toy was a handy thing to have, even if it was ugly. Two other very important ideas occurred to man in jail: time could be measured, and toys were really machines, which led man to make a time-machine. They wrote about it and everybody got paranoid. Soon all man could do was check the time and count his money. Freaky.

And it came to pass that man in his greed caused an abomination to the earth and the sky and the water, but no one wanted to hear about it – especially not the greedy. There were still a few men, however, who didn't give a shit about either time or money, and they raised a stinking din. "What's that smelly noise?" demanded the greedy man, who now called himself 'Mr. Clean.' Without waiting for a reply, he thought countless cleanliness machines into being: roll-on deodorants, instant shaving lather, air-cooled barber clippers, diesel street sweepers, butane shower houses, and so forth.

At last Mr. Cleanman was ready to sanitize and silence the smelly noise, which by this time was unbearably loud and stinky. Altho he could hear and smell quite well, Mr. Cleanman found that he couldn't see, for his eyes had become frozen – just like the thinga-purties he had locked up long ago which were now called 'assets.' "No matter" he thought. "If I can hear it and smell it, I can wipe it out. It made me sick to look at it anyway."

This approach might have worked except in the dark pools of the mind, the beautiful maiden technology got fucked by man's greed, and the union brought forth a child called 'garbage.' The 'litter child' grew rapidly while Mr. Cleanman was off sniffing around learning fly-by-night methods of increasing his paper wealth. Paper wealth was now called 'progress' and locked away in newer, cleaner, and more numerous centers of religious thought, called 'banks.'

As an adolescent, garbage had a nice time because it was different. It continued to be tickled and goo-gooed over in its early teens because the more of it man had, the more wealth he had. Later when it got bigger and time was growing shorter, garbage got more elbow-room. It was called 'no deposit, no return' and 'planned obsolescence.'

But in the end garbage was only a waste product. The greedy, practical, rich, clean man had another problem: the smelly-noise campaign was bogging down. The problem, said clean man as he waded through garbage, was that the machines must be fed more efficiently, for they possessed a great hunger and cried continually to be fed.

Clean man paused in his venture three times. First, to wipe away the 'clean' from his name and simply call himself 'man' - 'reaffirmation' was the term. Next, man joined together without love to feed the machines, and it was named 'business.' As man was about to continue, the machines began to howl and clamor. This time the problem was sticky terminology. To be fed by business was well enough, but the machines demanded various diets: 'capitalism,' 'fascism,' 'socialism,' 'communism,' 'schism-ism,' etc.

The situation was very uptight by now and great wars were fought to resolve the dietary question. The machines worked over time. But before the answer could be determined, much less the smelly-noise pursuit be resumed, 'discarded' garbage had come of age, and as everyone should know...

The End





THOSE LOVABLE NITWITS
Kilroy & Yorlik in
"THE RACE QUESTION"



In the beginning, there
was this lump of clay,



two guys, and a booming voice.

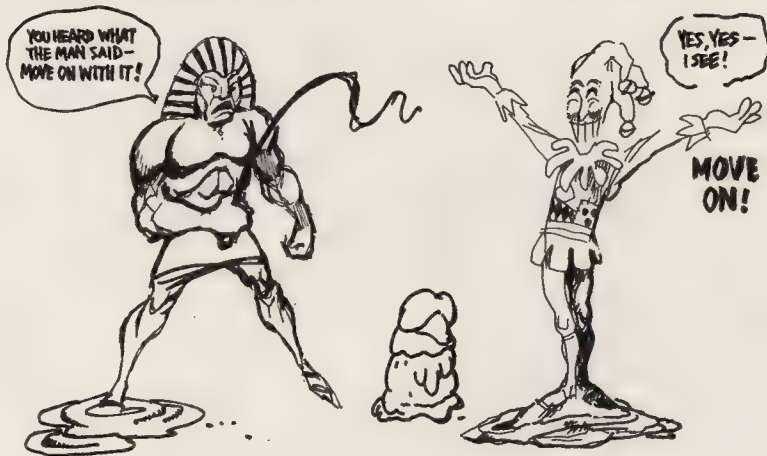
WELL, DON'T JUST
STAND THERE...
GET ON WITH IT!



so they "got it on," but after
many wasted attempts..



.. a transformation took place!



and so..



until..



and then..



etc. etc..



..so on and so forth..

until once
again..

SAY, HAVEN'T
WE BEEN HERE
BEFORE?

SAVE
YER
BREATH

I'M DOING THE
THINKING
AROUND HERE!

5000, 4999, '998

SO THAT'S
WHAT "MOVING
ON" MEANS.

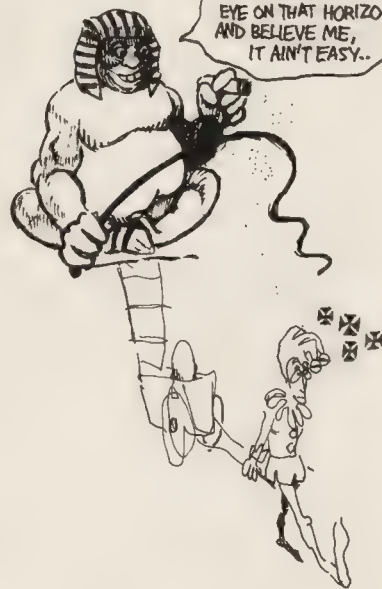
PART
PART

HEY!
LET'S KEEP
IT MOVIN'
DOWN THERE!

SOMEWHERE
HERE..



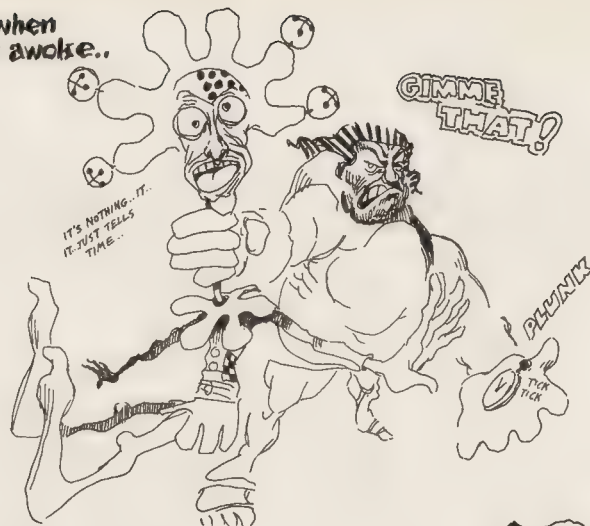
I GOT TO KEEP MY
EYE ON THAT HORIZON
AND BELIEVE ME,
IT AIN'T EASY..



While Kilroy slept, Yorlik's mind returned to the spots marked 'X'...



..but when Kilroy awoke..



OH YEAH? **AWK!**
JUST AS I THOUGHT—
WE'RE **LATE!**



Yorlik slowly realized that this had been going on for a long time.



Gradually he lost interest..

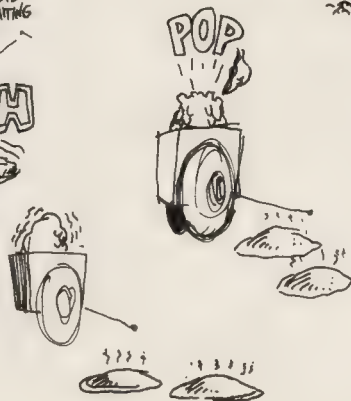
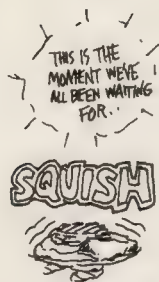
finally..



But Yorlik didn't get up.



Suddenly..



Moral:
Kilroy was here.





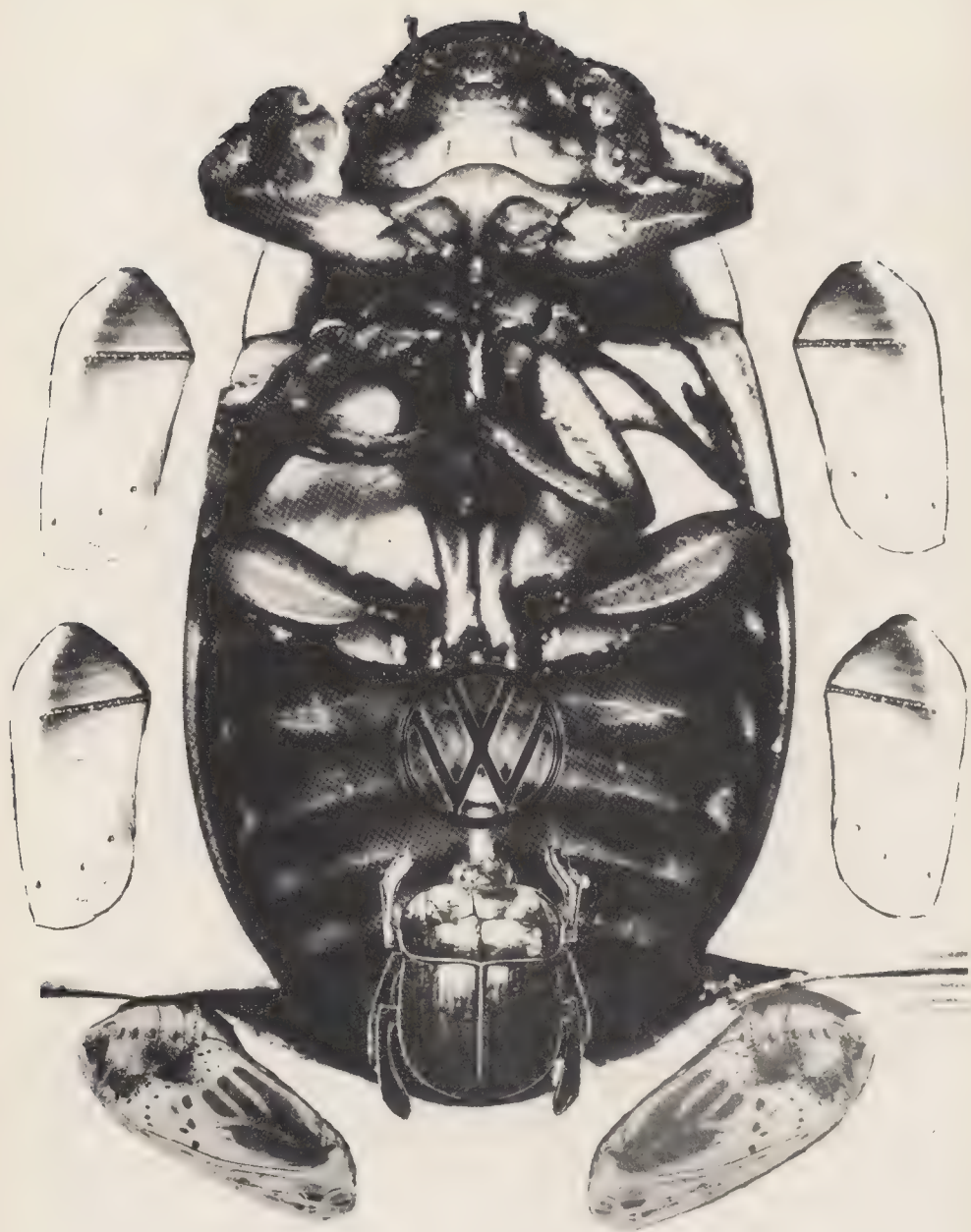
THE MYTH OF THE DEAD PLANET

THERE IS A DEAD PLANET IN A FAR DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM, AND A HIGHLY DEVELOPED CIVILIZATION LIES BURIED BENEATH ITS SURFACE. NOT A CIVILIZATION SUCH AS OURS, FOR THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM OF THE PLANET WAS SOMETHING LIKE THE INSECTS OF OUR WORLD. ALIKE, HOWEVER, ONLY IN THEIR RELATIVE ANATOMICAL STRUCTURE AND PHYSICAL APPEARANCE. OTHERWISE THEY WERE, STRANGELY ENOUGH, MUCH LIKE US. THEY HAD AN INVOLVED SOCIAL SYSTEM, HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED METHODS OF COMMUNICATION, A FLOURISHING TECHNOLOGY, CENTERS OF ADVANCED LEARNING, AND AN INTRICATE MYTHOLOGY.

MYTHOLOGY, SOMETIMES CALLED "RACE MEMORY", HAS LONG INTRIGUED MANKIND. THIS WAS ALSO THE CASE WITH THE EXTINCT BEINGS OF THE DEAD PLANET, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES "Ⓜ".. AN UNTRANSLATABLE HIEROGLYPH WHOSE MEANING IS NOT UNLIKE OUR TERM "MASTER RACE".

THE Ⓜ MYTH WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS:
AT THE BEGINNING OF TIME, THE UNNAMEABLE AND THE UNKNOWNABLE, I.E. GOD, CREATED A UNIVERSE AND PLACED IN IT A FORM OF CONSCIOUS LIFE, MOULDED AFTER HIS OWN IMAGE. THE CREATOR THEN APPEARED TO A CHOSEN FEW IN A FLASH OF INTENSE LIGHT. HE GAVE THEM A RIDDLE WHICH, IF THEY COULD SOLVE, WOULD INSURE THEM EVERLASTING LIFE. THE RIDDLE WAS: "WHEN IS THE MOON NOT THE MOON BUT A BEAD?" IF THEY COULD NOT SOLVE THE RIDDLE THEY WOULD BE CURSED WITH AN ETERNITY OF ENDLESS REINCARNATIONS AS A WRETCHED AND TRAMPLED UPON INSTINCT-BOUND EXTENSION OF THEIR FORMER SELVES IN A PLACE WHERE THERE WOULD BE "WEEPING AND GNASHING OF MANDIBLES".

THE Ⓜ BEINGS DID NOT SOLVE THE RIDDLE AND CONSEQUENTLY THEIR PLANET DIED. THEY MARKED THEIR GRAVES WITH A SYMBOL WHICH EXPRESSED THEIR RESIGNATION TO THE ENDLESS JOURNEY OF REBIRTH, ACCOMPANIED BY THE LEGEND, "IN THE LAND OF THE NIGHT, THE SHIP OF THE SUN IS DRAWN BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD." IF ONE IS TO LEND CREDENCE TO THEIR MYTH,



A CARVED REPRESENTATION FROM
THE DEAD PLANET DEPICTING THE
ENTHRONED DEITY

DOUBTLESS THE SOULS OF THE ☿ BEINGS ARE ENDURING THE CURSE OF FAILURE SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE AT THIS VERY INSTANT. IT IS EASY TO SEE WHY THEY DID NOT SOLVE THE PUZZLE, FOR THEY WERE NEVER TOLD WHAT A 'MOON' WAS, AND THEY DID NOT HAVE ONE ORBITING THEIR PLANET, NOR DID THEY KNOW OF 'BEADS', A COMMONPLACE IN HUMAN ADORNMENT FOR AGES. THE RIDDLE, IN ADDITION, WAS PHRASED IN AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE, ALIEN LANGUAGE. ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK THE CREATOR WANTED THE ☿ BEINGS TO FAIL.

YET, THE MYTH GOES FURTHER. IT IS POSSIBLE FOR THE ☿ BEINGS TO ESCAPE ETERNAL SUFFERING, AND INDEED TO BECOME THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM OF THEIR PLACE OF EXILE, IF SOME OTHER COSMIC FORCE INTERVENES AND PERFORMS THE ACT NECESSARY TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE. THUS THE RIDDLE BECOMES SOMETHING OF A LOCK AND SALVATION LIES IN THE PROPER KEY BEING INSERTED AND TURNED, IN WHICH CASE A NEW DAY WILL DAWN FOR THEM. THEIR 'PURGATORY' WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO A BETTER VERSION OF THEIR HOME LEFT BEHIND.. SOMETHING LIKE OUR CONCEPT OF 'HEAVEN ON EARTH'. THIS WAS THE ELEMENT OF FAITH IN THEIR CULTURE: THAT GOD WOULD BE MERCIFUL AND PROVIDE THEM A BENEFACTOR, SHOULD THEY FAIL THE TEST. I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THEIR RIDDLE.

BEFORE I TELL IT TO YOU, KINDLY LISTEN TO A FEW MORE FRAGMENTS OF THE MYTH OF THE DEAD PLANET. THEY BELIEVED THAT SOMEWHERE, LIKELY IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, THERE EXISTED THE HOME OF THE GOD WHO CREATED THEM. WHEN AND IF THE 'LOCK' WAS OPENED, HIS DIMENSION AND THEIRS WOULD BE SUPERIMPOSED, AND HE WOULD APPEAR TO THEM IN ALL HIS AWESOME MAGNIFICENCE. THEY WOULD KNOW THAT THE TIME HAD COME FOR THEIR FINAL METAMORPHOSIS. THEY WERE TO PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR THEIR RE-EMERGENCE AS THE MASTER RACE BY DEVOURING THE 'SACRAMENT'.



THE 'SACRAMENT,' A FLESHY ENERGY SUBSTANCE, WOULD BE FOUND ENCLOSED WITHIN MOBILE METAL CONTAINERS MARKED WITH THE (H) SYMBOL. THIS 'COSMIC FOOD' WOULD PROVIDE THEM WITH THE STRENGTH NECESSARY TO SUSTAIN THEIR TRANSITION STAGE. LATER THEIR FATHER WOULD BECKON THEM TO JOIN HIM IN HIS 'HEAVENLY' HOME.

YET, DESPITE ALL THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS AND THEIR DILIGENT INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE, THE (H) BEINGS SEALED THEIR DOOM BY FAILING TO PERCEIVE THE MEANING OF A CHILDISHLY SIMPLE RIDDLE. NOTHING REMAINS TO ATTEST TO THE GREATNESS OF THE DEAD PLANET'S 'CROWN OF CREATION'.. THE (H) BEINGS. NOTHING BUT A FEW CRUMBLING RUINS, INHABITED BY THE SMALL, SCURRYING LIFE FORMS THAT HAVE OVERRUN THE PLANET IN THE ABSENCE OF ITS 'MASTER RACE'. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT THIS MINUTE ORGANISM IS CAPABLE OF INTELLIGENT ACTION OR CONCEPTUAL MANIPULATION, AND ITS EXISTENCE HAD ALWAYS BEEN DISMISSED BY THE (H) BEINGS AS A NUISANCE TO BE, AT BEST, TOLERATED, SINCE IT WAS FAR TOO NUMEROUS TO BE ERADICATED. THUS, FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, CIVILIZATION HAS VANISHED, AND THE PLANET MUST BE CONSIDERED DEAD.

AS I INTIMATED EARLIER, I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE. IT LIES IN THE PROVIDENTIAL KEY THAT THE (H) BEINGS CARRIED IN THEIR PRAYERS AS THEY COMMITTED THEIR SOULS TO ETERNITY, KNOWING THAT THEY COULD NOT PROVIDE THE ANSWER THEMSELVES, AND THAT IT MUST COME THROUGH THE POWER OF AN ALIEN COSMIC FORCE. IT IS THE SAME FAITH THAT NOW SPURS ON THEIR GUARDIAN SPIRITS AS THEY TIRELESSLY ROLL BALLS OF SHIT ON THEIR WAY TO PERPETUAL REBIRTH; GUARDIAN SPIRITS WE CALL 'DUNG BEETLES'. FOR MAN WILL PROVIDE THE ACT OF COSMIC INTERVENTION NECESSARY TO INTEGRATE THE DIMENSIONS AND RELEASE

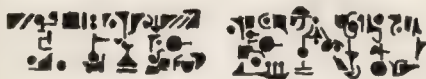


THE ONLY REMAINING LIFE-FORM
OF THE DEAD PLANET

THE (W) BEINGS FROM THEIR PRESENT STATE OF PUNISHMENT, KNOWN TO US AS 'INSECT LIFE'. REMEMBER THE RIDDLE: 'WHEN IS THE MOON NOT THE MOON BUT A BEAD?'

THE ANSWER, EARTHPEOPLE, IS: 'WHEN MAN SETS FOOT ON IT', BECAUSE HE...YOU...WILL THEN HAVE THE KEY IN THE LOCK. THE DOOR OF DIMENSIONS WILL SWING OPEN, REVEALING TO ALL EARTHLY EYES THE VISAGE OF GOD IN ALL HIS AWESOME MAGNIFICENCE. HIS ANTENNAE WILL BE GLOWING; A HINT OF MIRTH WILL SPREAD OVER HIS MANDIBLES; AND HE WILL TOUCH A STRING OF NINETY-NINE BEADS HANGING FROM HIS THORAX. ONE BEAD WILL BE MISSING, AND GOD WILL REACH OUT WITH HIS PINCHER FOR THE 'MOON'.

HOW DO I KNOW THESE THINGS? WELL, YOU MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND THIS RIDDLE:







Homage
to Hitler

J65



My mind is boggled at the bewildering babble
of the moving van's passengers
and their funny felt-tipped philosophy
about life and all
and what happens
when we unite in a macrobiotic mirage
come the sweet bye n' bye of cosmic calibrations
or brimstone and damnations.

I want to see a peaceful shore
where the sand is really
crystal grit and children build castles
meant for looking.

Now, hammering out cookie cutters
for the high school carnival
I think of times when
in my briar patch near
by I happened on a rabbit rut for a stroll.

This was no ordinary **RABBIT**.

Rabbits run rabid in the briarpatch
and I sniff glue while holding you
close, little tar-baby somethin' nuther.
And the stillness of the early morning
settles gently on my mind,
squeezes tightly on my ties,
and I follow.







?!





Another trip to the underground, courtesy of The DREGS